

The Oxford County Citizen.

A. B. Herlihy 6-24-23

VOLUME XXIX—NUMBER 14

BETHEL, MAINE, THURSDAY, AUGUST 30, 1923.

4 Cents Per Copy—\$2.00 Per Year

THE J. E. JONES LETTER

SEEING COOLIDGE

One of the earliest official visitors received by President Coolidge was Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, and that gentleman was reported to have told the President the "position" of organized labor. When Mr. Coolidge was Governor of Massachusetts and Mr. Gompers was on strike in Boston, the Governor wrote a reply that thrilled the Nation. That letter had a lot to do with the promotion of Calvin Coolidge. Gompers had a lot to do with fixing the position of the Coolidge star in the political firmament. And therefore it is not strange that the President should have been cordial to Mr. Gompers.

A few days later the newspapers carried headlines saying that "Big Business Sees Coolidge." The delegation was headed by Julius H. Barnes, president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, and he was accompanied by half a dozen other leaders of that organization. The news accounts indicate that they followed the lead of Mr. Gompers in stating the "position" of capital. But of course "capital" never labels itself as such, and only the impetuous newspapers ever call such representatives anything but "prominent business men." But voices and men are not changed by calling them other names.

TELLING COOLIDGE WHAT TO DO

The delegation from the United States Chamber of Commerce that visited the President told him that they had formulated their opinions upon foreign problems, and that they wanted the White House that they wished to extend aid to Europe to allay the economic and political disorder, which they said would not only help Europe, but would also check the conditions which were reflected in our own country. Production, securities, reform in the tax laws, repeal of remaining war excess taxes, readjustment of income surtaxes, future issues of Federal obligations, immigration, the Federal Reserve banks, private ownership of the railroads, possible consolidation of the railroads, and all the rest of the big problems of the country, were set forth to the President. It is not claimed that the visitors told the President what he must do, but it seems certain that they left no doubt in his mind regarding what they want him to do.

NEGOTIATIONS IN COAL

Handwritten in between "labor" and "capital" the Executive Office door has been kept swinging in and out by the Coal Commission, and the coal operators and miners. Here, at least, was an instance where the public, the employers and the employees were all represented. Amid the storms of their controversy President Coolidge justified his reputation of being a good listener, and while there were encouraging rumors sent abroad that the new Executive would find a way out, yet the fact remained that up to the time negotiations ended in a deadlock at Atlantic City not even the keenest guessers had any idea about what the President was contemplating doing.

JOB LOT OF THINGS

Into a busy and disturbed Capital came Secretary of the Treasury Mellon, who had just walked off the gang plank from a steamship arrived from Europe, and he proceeded to tell the world and the President that France is prosperous; that England fears for its future in the world trade; that Germany confronts economic uprisings and disintegrations; that the Ruhr deadlock must be settled to pave the way for general improvements; and that the United States must mark "renewed" on the face of its notes that were obtained in exchange for cash. Even while Mellon was having his say so the American Commissioners to Mexico called on President Coolidge in company with Secretary of State Hughes to tell how they had patched up differences with Mexico, and with a good long report recommending recognition.

Secretary of Agriculture Wallace heard the groups of farm representatives who called on the President to make it clear that farmers, especially wheat farmers, are facing ruin. A few weeks of rain would be a blessing, but the President of political re-

THE WELFARE OF THE PRESIDENT

Joseph Tammoly, Secretary to the President under Woodrow Wilson, says that the only way to save the time of the President is to provide a single term of four or six years, thereby relieving the President of political re-

BETHEL AND VICINITY

Miss Kathryn Ramsell was in Norway, recently.

Miss Marion Parsons is the guest of Miss Electa Chapin.

Mrs. Maud O'Reilly of West Bethel dined with Mrs. H. E. Jodrey, Tuesday.

Miss Virginia Goodnow is visiting her sister, Mrs. Bonney, in Berlin, N. H.

Mrs. S. T. Achenbach has been entertaining her brothers from Pennsylvania.

The W. C. T. U. held an interesting meeting Tuesday with Mrs. Frank Robertson.

Mrs. Lizzie York and daughter, Priscilla, were recent guests of her mother, Mrs. Anna Grover.

Mrs. C. L. Davis is spending some time with her daughter, Mrs. Robert Wormell, at Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Ransom Twitcheell of Milan, N. H., were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kendall.

Mrs. George Blake and Urban Bartlett were dinner guests of Mrs. Grace Swan and family, Tuesday.

Mrs. Gertrude Haggood and two daughters, Phyllis and Lois, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Roger Monroe, at Lewiston.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Herriek and two daughters and Miss Hattie Blake have returned home from camping at Locke's Mill.

Miss Sada Paisted has returned to her duties at the J. B. Ham Co. store after spending a week at the Islands with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. King motored to West Ossipee, N. H., last Friday and visited with Mrs. King's sister, Mrs. Harriet H. Green.

Mrs. John Holt, Mrs. Irving Kimball and Mr. W. G. Holt and daughter, Ruth, of East Bethel called on Mrs. Bessie Shanno, Tuesday.

Mrs. Benson Norton and two children and Madam Norton are visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Herriek, and other relatives.

Miss Roxanna Ryker, who has been in Bethel the past few months, is spending the week at Oxford, and will return to Massachusetts to complete her studies.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Herriek and two daughters and Miss Ruth Gilson were in Bethel the first of the week to see Mrs. Herriek's brother, Mr. Loren M. Gilson.

Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Jodrey and Clarence Philbrook and Dorothy Goodnow went to Errol, N. H., and called on Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Tidwell at Upton.

Miss Pauline King, who was a member of the Fletcher Farm Knitting Contest, has been awarded a "Certificate of Honorable Mention." The article knit was a sweater in Egyptian green.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Rich, Ethel and Evelyn Rich and Mr. Cole of Canton, Mr. Ray Rich and little son and Mr. and Mrs. Kingsley and two daughters, Adeline and Melba of Granville, N. Y., called at the Haggood farm, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Conroy and son, Rupert, Mr. and Mrs. Merle Swan and Mrs. Grace Swan visited George Swan and family at Peru last Thursday, where a family reunion was held, twenty-nine being present. A delicious picnic dinner was served at noon, and a very social time was enjoyed by all.

Mrs. Skoones and Mr. Harry Frost came to Bethel, Tuesday, returning to Northwater, Mass., Wednesday. Mr. H. H. Hastings accompanied them home after spending the summer with his daughter, Miss Elsie Hastings, at their home on Broad Street. Miss Hastings will return soon to her school at Montague, Michigan.

Mr. and Mrs. John V. Holt and son, Reginald, arrived in Bethel, Monday, and are guests at the Parlington home. Mr. and Mrs. Holt have made a tour from Massachusetts to Montreal returning by the way of Burlington, Vt., where they met Reginald who had been enjoying a camping trip to Lake Champlain and other places of interest.

REUNION OF CLASSES OF '17 AND '18, GOULD'S ACADEMY

A reunion for the classes of 1917 and 1918, Gould's Academy, was held at Silver Lake, Aug. 19. The party started from the Academy campus at 10 o'clock arriving at the lake about 11:30.

Bathing and boating were enjoyed before lunch time. At one o'clock a delicious luncheon was served which certainly did credit to Mr. Danham's proprietorship. There were clams and lobsters cooked in various ways, fruit salad, ice cream and loads of other things.

Each person found his place by a place card containing a verse about him or her. These were read afterwards and the "table humor" was enjoyed by all. One of the class of '17 who could not be with us, Mrs. R. H. Blake, formerly Miss Hazel Keniston, sent her regards to each of the party and wished us luck on this our first reunion.

After singing "The Gold and Blue," the party retired to the pavilion where there were different things found to enjoy, such as—more boating. Snapshots of the group were taken, also some of striking individuals.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Jones were the first to break up the party. Having some distance to go it was necessary for them to leave early.

Others who attended were: Miss Alice Coffin, Misses Nellie and Gertrude Harrington, Van and Lester Brooks, Dorothy and Vivian Hutchins, Kathryn Hanson, Muriel Park, Clara Mason, William Hall, William and Robert Hastings, Ray and Roy Cummings, Harry Young, Paul Head, Ruth Cole, Chester Howe and Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Bean.

CHURCH ACTIVITIES

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH

Rev. Walter W. Wolfe preached at the Universalist church last Sunday to a good audience. His subject was "The Christian."

"Promise and Its Fulfillment," the subject of the sermon next Sunday, Sept. 2, will be a spirited challenge of man the measure of all things.

Y. P. C. U. Meeting at 7 o'clock. A social half hour will follow to which all members and friends are invited to remain and meet Mr. Wolfe who will give a short talk: "A Moravian Story."

METHODIST CHURCH

The Methodist Sunday School will hold a picnic at Songo Pond next Monday, Labor Day. All wishing to go are requested to meet at the church at nine o'clock where conveyance will be provided. Everyone is requested to take a drinking cup and spoon. Baseball and other games with a picnic dinner will make up the program of the day. The Sunday School will meet as usual next Sunday at 10 o'clock.

WEST BETHEL UNION CHURCH

Rev. Ernest West, Pastor. 10:30: Morning worship. Short sermon by pastor, "The Will of the Father." At this service new members will be received and a Communion service will be conducted by Rev. W. C. Curtis. 11:30: Sunday School. Chester Wheeler, Superintendent. 7:30: Evening worship. Song service. Sermon, "Abiding Resilience." Special music.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH

Spring Street. Sunday School at 10:00 A. M. Sunday services at 10:45 A. M.

UPTON UNION CHURCH

H. C. Brokenshire, Minister. Morning services at 11:00 o'clock. Sunday School at 12 noon. Evening service at 7:30 o'clock. This evening service is given over to a time of song and prayer with short formal talk by the minister.

A RATE INVESTMENT

The government of the United States rates gas and electric company bonds in order of safety to those of the government, states and cities and municipal bonds.

To a pamphlet entitled "How to Buy U. S. Government Savings Bonds," the United States Government Savings System, Treasury Department, circulates this pamphlet.

"All bonds are not safe investments. Bonds are rated according to the nature of the security behind them. First in order of safety come the bonds of the United States Government; then those of states, and of counties and municipal districts. Then there are the bonds of railroads and public utility corporations."

Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Westwell and sons spent Sunday with Mrs. Westwell's sister at Oxford.

AUTO RUNS INTO TELEPHONE POLE

Sunday at about noon a Ford touring car owned by a Rumford party became unmanageable while coming through Mayville and ran into a telephone pole. A woman in the party was thrown into the windshield and cut and bruised quite badly about the head and face, but the other occupants of the car escaped injury. The telephone pole was cut off close to the ground and the car was badly damaged.

LITTLEHALE FAMILY REUNION

A very pleasant family gathering was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Littlehale at North Paris on Sunday, August 19, when seventy-seven people were present.

At noon a bountiful dinner of chicken pie, mashed potatoes, cucumbers, bread, cakes, and pies were served. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Littlehale, North Paris; Mr. T. Littlehale, North Paris; Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Swan and Helen Swan, South Paris; Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Littlehale, North Paris; Mr. and Mrs. Albert D. Littlehale and daughters, Emily and Alberta, Durham, N. H.; Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Chapman and son, Raymond, South Paris; Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Littlehale and children, Arline, Myron and Harold, South Woodstock; Mr. and Mrs. Alfred D. Andrews and son, Harold, William Littlehale, North Paris; Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence E. Littlehale, North Paris; Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Hendricks and daughters, Alta and Miriam, South Woodstock; Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Littlehale, Errol, N. H.; Clifford Lane, Errol, N. H.; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. F. Walker, Rumford; Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Holte, South Paris; Mr. and Mrs. George Cutting, South Paris; Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Hanson, Rumford; Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Thurston, Bethel; Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Parker, North Paris; J. G. Day, Myrtle Point, British Columbia; Morris L. Klingwood, West Saco; Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Edgerly, Bridgton; Mr. and Mrs. D. Edgerly, Bridgton; Mr. and Mrs. George E. Chadbourne, Bridgton; George E. Chadbourne, Jr., Bridgton; Naomi Bristol, Bridgton; Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Thurston, Andover; Anna H. Thurston, Andover; Adelia Hansen, Rumford; H. D. Thurston, Bethel; Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Thurston, Pennsylvania; Mary H. Thurston, Pennsylvania; Mr. and Mrs. Owen Cole, Ralph Cole, Clara P. Cole, Berlin, N. H.; Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Young and Richard Thurston Young, Bethel; Barbara L. Davis, Berlin, N. H.; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wright, George L. Wright, Willard A. Wright, Allie James, Arnold James, North Newry. In spite of cloudy weather and occasional showers, a very pleasant day was enjoyed by all.

All of the children of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Littlehale were present and all of the grandchildren except Morton J. Littlehale of New York City. The officers chosen were: President—A. D. Littlehale. Secretary—Mrs. Eugenia Cole. Treasurer—Mrs. Allie James. The reunion next year will be held again with Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Littlehale.

MRS. MARY F. CLARK
Mrs. Mary F. Clark, aged 74, widow of the late Frederick A. Clark, died Friday afternoon, Aug. 17, at one o'clock at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Myra E. Kollack, 23 Essex Street, Lynn, Mass., after an illness of about five months. Mrs. Clark was born in Lynn, May 29, 1849, and spent the most of her life in that city, with the exception of a few years at Bethel, following her marriage.

Besides her daughter, with whom she made her home, she leaves two brothers, Alvin A. and Edward B. Kollack, son, both of Lynn, three grandchildren, Mrs. Marion and Beth Kollack of Lynn and Gladys Spearson of Bethel, and a great-grandson, Harry B. Kollack, Jr.

Mrs. Clark has been in failing health for many years, and has been tenderly cared for by her daughter with whom she lived.

GRANGE NEWS

CANTON GRANGE

A public meeting of Canton Grange was held Saturday afternoon, when Hon. Neal P. Graves and A. S. Bales of Portland gave good talks on the 48-hour law, which is to be voted on this fall. The attendance was small, owing to the busy season.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Jodrey and party called upon Mrs. Jodrey's sister, Mrs. McLean, at Durham, recently, and Mrs. Banney at Berlin, N. H.

AUGUSTUS MELLEN CARTER

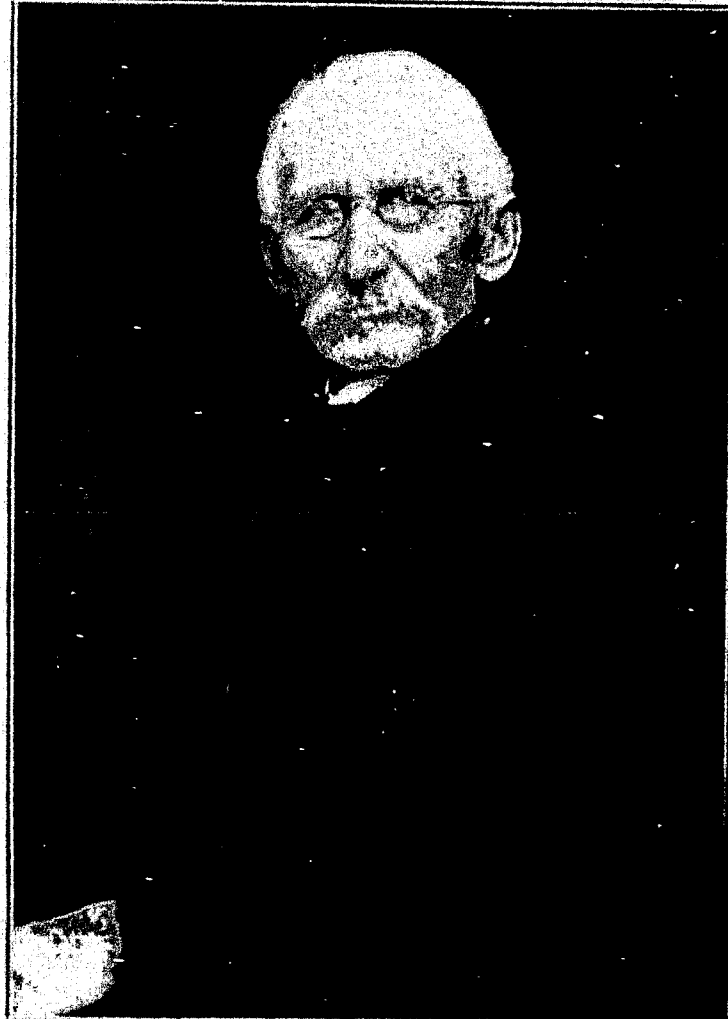
A Sketch of His Life. By a Friend

The subject of this sketch was born October 8th, 1849, on the old Carter homestead place in Bethel, Maine, known as the Willow Brook Farm, which had been occupied by him and his ancestors continuously since 1799.

He was the son of Elias M. and Rebecca Williamson Carter, and one of a family of eleven children, four sons and seven daughters, named respectively: Augustus Mellen, William L., Timothy C., John H., Fannie A., Mary C., Emily, J., Julia E., Lydia S., Helen L., and Anna G., only two of whom survive him, of 1863, when he enlisted in the Seventh

education he worked on the farm, taught school winters, and clerked in the country store of Robert A. Chapman in Bethel.

In 1861 he was employed on a truck farm in Flushing, Long Island, and marketed its products in New York City. Later he was employed for a short time by the Ames Arms Company, in Chicopee, Massachusetts, and after completing this service he returned to his home in Bethel, where he remained until the late fall of 1863, when he enlisted in the Seventh



John H. Carter and Mary C. Wiley. He is also survived by five grandchildren and twenty-one nieces and nephews.

His maternal ancestors were Scotch and his paternal ancestors were English. He was exposed to the enemies fire December 25th, 1867, to Mary Frances Stanley, whose helpful and congenial companionship he enjoyed during a happy married life, which ended with her death November 6th, 1897.

This union was blessed by the birth of two children, a daughter, Frances A. Carter, who survives, and Edward M. Carter who died at Lewiston, July 23rd, 1923, as the result of accidental injuries. Mr. Carter was a practical Christian, but was not an active member of any church organization, although he frequently attended religious services in local churches.

He had never been affiliated with any social organization, or secret society, but had been an active and loyal member of Brown Post Grand Army of the Republic of his native town since its formation.

He was what might be termed a liberal in politics, always supporting the Republican ticket in national and state affairs, but in local affairs he voted for the candidate deemed by him to be best qualified.

Although of small stature and light weight, he had always enjoyed good health and was active and alert physically and mentally in all of the affairs of life with which he had to deal until about three years prior to his death, when his health began to fail.

Due to his conscientious habits, courage and optimism, however, he gave constant attention to his business affairs until the Spring of 1923, when his failing health compelled him to abandon many of the activities with which he had so long been identified, and he retired to his old ancestral estate, where he spent the remainder of his life and received the tender care and attention of his devoted daughter, Frances, who was his constant companion until the end.

Mr. Carter was educated in the common schools of his native town and at the Academy at Paris Hill, Maine, at which latter institution he acquired his early education and training in civil engineering and land surveying, which he later adopted as his vocation.

Like so many other successful men, his early life was spent on his father's farm, and after the completion of his

(Continued on page 5)

CANTON

Mrs. Florence Fletcher has been visiting her brother, Will Bouney of Sumner, who submitted to a serious surgical operation at the C. M. O. Hospital, Lewiston, on Tuesday. His condition is not very favorable at the present time, but he is as well as can be expected.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer K. Lane and little son, Richard, arrived Wednesday from Casper, Wyoming, by auto to the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Richardson of Canton. They report a most wonderful trip, with fine weather all the way. They made the 2700 miles in 17 days and were fortunate in having no trouble the entire distance. With the exception of one night just before they reached here they camped in the open each night.

Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Walte have been spending a week at Orono, guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Russell, Jr. Their grandson, Robert Russell, accompanied them and will remain with his parents at their new home.

Mrs. Rose Bangs of Brockton, Mass., has been visiting Mrs. Harold Bryant for a week.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Tyler of East Wilton are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son on Aug. 21st.

Mrs. Iola Leavitt of Dixfield has been visiting relatives and friends in Canton, her old home.

Mrs. Amanda Foster of Chesterville has been a guest of her daughter, Mrs. A. B. Bicknell, and family.

Mrs. W. A. Hollis of Lisbon Falls and son, Harold, of Boston have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Hollis.

Charles Lowe of Worcester, Mass., has been a guest of his cousin, Mrs. E. C. Chamberlain, and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy March of Norridgewock were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain, Saturday, and Mr. Lowe returned home with them.

Miss Nellie Michel is spending a portion of her vacation in town. She was a former teacher in the Canton schools.

Mrs. Richard Goss and friends, Mrs. Gertrude Godwin of Sanford have been guests of Miss Abbie C. Bicknell.

W. W. Andrews of Portland was a visitor in town last week.

William A. Lucas has received word of the serious illness of his brother-in-law, Monroe Peabody of Dixfield. His son, Geo. M. Peabody of Brockton, Mass., arrived Friday night.

Mrs. Elta Gilbert has been enjoying an outing at Shagg Pond with her niece, Mrs. A. E. Forbes, who has a cottage there.

Mrs. Ruth Moore Johnson of Bangor is visiting her father, Roy Moore, and

grandfather, Geo. J. Moore. Harry Poor has returned to Andover. The sale of food, fancy work, aprons and homemade candy held by the Universalist society on the lawn of the Universalist church, Friday afternoon, was well patronized and a success financially. The entrance to the church was prettily decorated with flowers and greenery.

A party from the Pinewood Camps climbed Speckled Mountain, Wednesday, and spent the night on the summit. W. J. Lockhart of Roxbury, Mass., who is a guest at "Green Acres," is suffering with a painful foot which he pierced with a rusty nail.

A stereopticon picture, "The Story of the Good Samaritan," was shown at the Universalist church, Sunday evening.

Miss Florence Cole and friend, Ruth Cook of Attleboro, Mass., are spending their vacation with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Pearl R. Cole.

John Hayden of Quincy, Mass., is a guest of his cousin, S. T. Hayden, and family.

Frederick Tripp, who has been with his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Haines, of Mexico the past summer, has returned home.

Claude Averill has returned from East Dixfield, where he has been for several weeks, and is attending his meat market.

Pearl Blanchard of Lewiston has been on a visit to relatives in town.

A. F. Russell and daughters, Iva, Arlene and Ethel, have been guests of Dana Russell and family of Auburn, and Abbott Russell and wife of Poland.

Mrs. Hattie Delano of Portland is a guest of Mrs. Ethel H. Johnson.

Geo. B. Barrows, Clara Barrows, Mrs. Beattie Walker, J. N. Fole, Leslie Walker and Leon Newton have been attending the Bangor fair.

Miss Rita Sweet has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Gladys Barnby, of Livermore Falls.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Bisbee of Auburn have been guests of their son, D. A. Bisbee, and family.

Mrs. Leslie Roberts of Richmond is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Foster.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Marston are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son on Friday.

MARSTON-KEENE

A pretty home wedding occurred Wednesday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Austin of Mexico, when their only daughter, Miss Emma Keene, was united in marriage to Arthur Marston of Canton. Rev. F. M. Lamb of

the United Baptist church, Canton, officiated, using the single ring service. The ceremony was performed on the piazza under an arch of evergreens and flowers. The interior of the house and piazza were beautifully decorated with sweet peas, asters and ferns. The bride was charming in pure white. These present besides her parents were Mr. and Mrs. J. Harmon French and Marston's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Marston and Mrs. Helen A. Eastman, two daughters of Portland, and Rev. and Mrs. F. M. Lamb of Canton. After the ceremony a reception was held, and refreshments of salads, sandwiches, fruit punch, cake and ice cream were served. The bride's cake and wedding cake were reciprocated by many fine gifts. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. J. R. Austin of Mexico. She has been one of the most efficient teachers in Mexico for several years. She is very popular with the young people and the Campfire Girls of that town. Mr. Marston is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Marston. He is a graduate of Canton High School, a member of the United Baptist Church, of Canton, and of Whitney Lodge, No. 107, F. and M. M. After a short wedding trip they will reside with his parents in Canton.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Littlefield and daughter, Theo, of No. Abington, Mass., and Mrs. Mabel Elliott and daughter, Olive, of Bangor have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Gammon.

The Bangor reunion was held Tuesday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Hardy, sixty-three being present. The tables were set in the orchard near by and a picnic dinner was enjoyed, after which a good program was carried out, recitations being given by the children and addresses by a number of the men.

SONGO POND

Mrs. J. S. Rich's sister, Miss Hayman, returned to New York last Saturday after visiting at the "Roost" for two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Stone and Mr. and Mrs. Stewart of Harrison were callers at Abner Kimball's, Sunday.

Abner Kimball, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Gorman, Mrs. Linwood Averill and daughter, Hazel, and Albert Kimball were callers at Will Gorman's at Sundry River, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Offens, Mrs. Wakefield and Mr. Quackenbush, all of Lewiston, called on Mr. and Mrs. Rich last Sunday at the "Roost."

Mrs. Everett McKay and three children of Norway and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Connors with their four children were callers at A. B. Kimball's, Sunday.

A party of twelve relatives motored up from Paris and Norway and spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Kilborn and Mrs. Stearns. Those in the party were Mr. and Mrs. Austin P. Stearns of Paris, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Brooks and three sons of Bridgeport, Conn., Miss Clara B. Howe of Medford, Mass., Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Goodwin and two sons of Norway.

Miss Henrietta Kilburn and Mr. Ralph Raymond of Akron, Ohio, spent two days with Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Kilborn at their cottage recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Allister of London, Canada, and granddaughter, Ethel Liddy, visited with Mrs. Allister's sister, Mrs. J. S. Rich, at Songo Pond the week end, returning to their home Monday night.

Mr. F. W. Sanborn of Norway called on E. S. Kilborn, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Isman and three children and Mrs. Maria Kimball and Charles Kimball were callers at John Kimball's at Locke's Mills, Sunday.

Mr. Chas. Becker and crew of ten men are working on the road from the "Roost" to the Bethel line and a marked improvement is already seen.

Mr. and Mrs. Lou Houlton and family of Hudson, N. H., are occupying the Baker place for a few days.

Mr. Louis Morris moved his family from Auburn into the house occupied by Will McAllister at Patten's Mills.

Mrs. Harris B. Jacobs of New York is visiting her sister, Mrs. Abner Kimball, for a few weeks.

Senay Andrews and wife of Norway were callers at the Bennett farm, Sunday.

Mr. Lawrence Fingero and two assistants are working on Bell Hill doing Government work.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bean were last week callers in Albany, Monday.

Miss Pearl McAllister of Norway is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Herman Brown, Carleton Place of Bangor, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Tom Logan, and her grandfather, Mr. Rufus Emery, for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Pat Murphy were in Bangor, recently.

ALBANY

More than one hundred people gathered at the Congregational church, Thursday evening to attend the semi-monthly supper given by the members of the Ladies' Circle. It was a pleasure to greet the "neighbors of yesterday," some of whom had not met for many years, as well as cousins. After partaking of a beautiful supper these attending had the pleasure of listening to a fine program of music and readings which proved to be very interesting. Remarks by Mrs. Stanley Ours of Ger-

ham, Me., and friends from away were special features. Alfred Clark of St. Petersburg, Fla., and brother, Arthur Clark of South Paris kindly furnished ice cream for refreshments. The hostesses were Mrs. David Barnham, Misses Nina and Irene Briggs and Mrs. Abel Andrews.

Children's Day exercises were held at the Congregational church, Sunday. The Songs, Marshall and Hunt's Corner Sunday Schools united in holding the service. The efforts of the children in presenting some of the teachings of Jesus Christ in recitation and song were much appreciated by the audience. Mr. Maschy, our student pastor, addressed the children and parents. Much credit is due the superintendent and teachers of these Sunday Schools for their loyalty to the organizations.

ELECTRIC PROGRESS IN THIRTY YEARS

The General Electric company celebrated its thirtieth anniversary and has prepared a summary of achievements unusual in that period, making the retirement of Charles A. Coffin from its active leadership an occasion for reviewing what was accomplished during his years of unusual service to the company and humanity.

The General Electric company stands out conspicuously for its success in scientific research and engineering development.

Its tremendous laboratories in which world-famed experts are commissioned to experiment on new lines, have brought a response of appreciation in the public mind.

Statistically, the General Electric had capital stock thirty years ago of \$35,000,000. Now its stock is \$184,000,000. Its sales have increased from \$12,000,000 to \$243,000,000 annually. The value of its plants has risen from \$4,000,000 to \$187,000,000; its square feet of factory floor space from 400,000 to 25,000,000; its employees from 4,000 to 74,000. It has plants in forty cities, with headquarters in Schenectady, N. Y. It has sold more than \$300,000,000 in products outside of the United States and literally billions within the country.

Large scale power generation, electric ship propulsion, electric street railways and electrification of mines, steam railroads, trackless trolleys, electrical driving of industrial machinery, Panama canal equipment, the development of wireless communication, illumination, application of electricity to industrial needs, and particularly its harnessing to multitudinous needs of the household—these and many other avenues of activity have been the General Electric's field. There is nothing common to the human race in which its work has not been felt or noted.

This is an electrical age. It will be still more so. The General Electric, with its fervor, intensity and efficiency, will go forward constantly, carrying with it the aspirations of an eager people.

"MY NEIGHBOR SAYS"

If you have never met this "neighbor" who gives four or five household hints to home makers of New England in the Boston Globe every day, get an introduction today by buying the

Boston Daily Globe

Women read the Household Pages in the Globe every day.

L. F. PIKE CO.

Men's Clothing Stores

The Style You Want for Fall

No matter how stylish a suit is, if it isn't the style you want, you don't want it. Men's tastes differ; and we take these differences into account when we buy clothes for our customers.

We have already received a splendid variety of New Fall Suits in the various popular styles, fabrics and colorings.

We sincerely invite you to visit our two stores and see them. You're under no obligation to buy but we want you to call in.

NEW FALL HATS AND CAPS are here looking for you to put them to work. They are attractive.

SWEATERS AND SPORT COATS are selling fast. New ones arriving constantly.

You know our reputation. Big assortments, a square deal or none. Why not come?

NORWAY BLUE STORES SOUTH PARIS, ME.

Our Big Sale CONTINUES

20 per cent. Discount

on all regular stock till **Friday Night, Aug. 31**, and after that all odd lots, and many of our regular lines will be sold at extremely low prices. Here are a few of them:

52 pairs Women's Dark Brown Oxfords, Evangeline.	Regular price \$5.25. Now	\$3.95
65 pairs Women's Brown and Patent Leather Oxfords and Pumps. All low heels. Regular price \$3.25. Now		\$1.95
90 pairs Women's Felt Slippers, regular price \$1.45. Now		\$1.00
23 pairs Misses' Brown and Patent Leather Pumps. Were \$2.20. Now		\$1.55
24 pairs Child's Brown and Patent Leather Pumps. Were \$1.90. Now		\$1.35
Sizes 8 1-2, 9, 9 1-2, 10, 10 1-2, 11.		

These are only a few of our many bargains. This is surely a rare chance to save money on footwear.

E. N. Swett Shoe Co.

OPERA HOUSE BLOCK

NORWAY, MAINE

PHONE 38-2

OUR TERMS ARE CASH — WE SELL FOR LESS

WHY PAY MORE?

We are now prepared to furnish

BIRD'S AMERICAN FOURS
Four in one
10 X 40

Green Slate Surfaced Asphalt Shingles

PRICE \$5.50 per M

This shingle is a winner and weighs 200 lbs. to the square. Call and see our supply of

Roofing Material

THIS IS NOT ALL WE CARRY IN STOCK.

H. ALTON BACON

Bryant's Pond, Maine



Place Your Order Now For a

Ford

Father starts it—mother finds she can add a little—even the kiddies will contribute their pennies and in a surprisingly short time, the whole family is enjoying the pleasures of owning a Ford. Here is how you can do it through the

Ford

Weekly Purchase Plan

Bring the first \$5 in to us. Enroll under the terms of the new, easy way to buy a Ford. Select the car you want. We will deposit your money in a local bank at interest. Add a little each week. You will be surprised at the rate the money piles up when everyone is helping. Soon the payments, plus interest paid by the bank will make the car yours. Come in—let us give you full particulars.

Herrick Bros. Co.

BETHEL, MAINE

MAINE WEEKLY INDUSTRIAL REVIEW

President Harding's untimely death brought our country to a realization of the fact that safe and sound policies are blessings to be preserved as the safeguard of the Nation's prosperity. Full dinner pails are more to be desired than economic strife.

Rockland—Deer Island Granite Company incorporates with capital of \$50,000.

Bangor—New pavement on Exchange street nearing completion.

Portland—125 building permits issued recently total \$183,630.

Belfast—New theater to be built costing approximately \$100,000.

Bath—New machinery installed in slipper factory to begin operations soon.

Bangor—City purchases new Cadillac fire truck.

One million people find employment in the nation's electric light and power, gas, telephone, electric railway and water supply industries.

Livermore Falls—Construction of new apple canning factory nearing completion.

Bangor—James P. Holland purchases building on Pickering Square; property to be extensively improved.

Portland—Contract to be let for construction of new sewer system.

Value of yield of American fields and orchards in current growing season is predicted as more than \$3,000,000,000, or more than to fall below that sum.

Belfast—Plans made for construction of new \$40,000 theater.

Bath—Bath Iron Works Company has completed steamship "Islander" for New Bedford, Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket Steamship Company.

Portland—Wright-Moses Motor Car Company completes construction of new car.

Bangor—Contract let for repairing and to Bar Harbor.

Sagadahoc Island—\$5,000 contract to be let for construction of new sidewalks.

Northport—Work starts on construction of Northport road.

Annual sales of the General Electric Company increased from about \$12,000,000 to \$24,000,000 in the thirty years between Jan. 1, 1913, and Jan. 1, 1923.

Worcester—Plant of York Manufacturing Company employing 2500 to be closed from August 25 to September 10.

The Government of the United States rates gas and electric company bonds next in order of safety to those of Government, States and county and municipal bonds.

Political tinkering with insurance rates based on "good time averages" is always extremely dangerous or expensive to either the insured or the taxpayer, when the periodical crisis arrives.

GROVER HILL

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Mundt and son recently spent a week end in Grover Hill, Me. On their return they were accompanied by Mrs. Roy Grover and Mrs. Eliza Spence, who has been the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Grover.

Mr. N. A. Stearns and family were at Paris Hill, Sunday.

Dr. and Mrs. W. D. Taylor from Mechanic Falls were in the place Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hutchinson and sons were in Norway, Sunday.

Several from this neighborhood attended the ball game at Norway, Saturday.

Mrs. Evander Whitman has been the guest of relatives in Norway.

Mrs. M. M. O'Reilly of West Bethel and her guests, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brown, of Los Angeles, Calif., were calling on friends here Friday.

Mrs. Edith W. Grover and Miss Amy Wheeler were at the Grover farm recently.

Miss Ida Haselton is a guest at her nephew's, John Anderson's, at Skillington.

SOUTH ALBANY

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Wardwell from Bridgeport, Conn., are visiting at J. A. Kimball's.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis McKeen and Mrs. Lucie Hutchinson called at Leon Kimball's, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Grover were week end guests at Howard Allen's.

School opened in the Dresser district August 27, Mrs. Alta Bird teacher.

David McAllister is conveying the scholars from the Clark district.

Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Green and son, Donald, called on Mr. and Mrs. Roy Wardwell, Sunday.

Mrs. Flora Lewis returned home Sunday, after spending a week at Locke's Mills with her sister, Mrs. Elmer Fisher.

Mrs. Evis Cook, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Huff, Miss Mildred Huff and Charlie, Jr., called on Mrs. Cook's uncle, J. A. Kimball, Sunday.

Miss Verna Kimball and party from Norway attended the dance at Hunt's Corner, Saturday night.

LOCKE'S MILLS

Mrs. C. R. Stowell is a guest of friends in Portland for a few days.

Jack Crockett was in Bryant's Pond, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Smith and two friends from New York are visiting her mother, Mrs. W. R. Swift, and also staying at one of the cottages.

Mr. and Mrs. Silas Kenniston were in Albany, Sunday.

Mrs. and Mrs. Cleveland Fairbanks were week end guests of his sister, Mrs. M. A. Lapham, and family.

Rele Chase of Auburn visited her mother, Clara Brown, the week end.

Mrs. Annie Emery spent a few days in Auburn last week.

ILLINOIS LEADS IN ROSE CULTURE.

While California leads in free growing roses, Illinois records show that state is far ahead in growing roses for commercial purposes. The soil there has been found by experts to be the most suitable in the country for rose culture, and this, more than anything else, accounts for the development of this industry to a huge scale. The rose plants are imported from England, and are known as grafted roses, having their origin in the marsh lands of the British Isles. They are continuous bloomers, summer and winter.

STATE AND FEDERAL GOVERNMENTS COOPERATING IN CONTROL OF PINE BLISTER RUST

More than one woodland owner has lately had his attention called to the condition of his pine woodlot because of the attack of the white pine blister rust. Blister rust agents working for the state and federal government are calling on pine owners and showing them what the rust is doing in their own woodlots. Many of these owners have been surprised that their pines were already attacked, for they had not realized that the rust was spreading so rapidly or that it had invaded their own town.

These specialists who are located in each of the pine districts of the Northeastern and Lake States are cooperating with the County Farm Bureaus. They give advice to timber owners on forestry matters, particularly the protection of white pine from the blister rust, in the same way as the Farm Bureau agent furnishes assistance or advice on agricultural matters. Not only are personal calls made on pine owners but demonstration meetings are held where groups of owners are shown the disease on pine as well as on currant and gooseberry bushes, and shown the best methods of destroying these bushes, which spread the disease. In some states, crews are formed and trained by the blister rust agents, who destroy these bushes for the owners or for the towns.

This work of controlling the blister rust began in 1916, in an experimental way, and on a small scale. Methods of control were perfected and costs reduced. The area protected each year from this disease increased, till in 1922 there were 472,847 acres cleared of currant and gooseberry bushes at a cost of less than 20 cents per acre. This was an increase in area of 22 per cent over 1921. The disease itself, however, has spread in this period, until at the present time it may be found in every pine country in the Northeast, and in most towns in these counties. Extensive surveys show that about 20 per cent of the white pine in northeastern New York and about 7 per cent of the white pine of Maine and New Hampshire are attacked by the blister rust in areas where currant and gooseberry bushes are still present.

The work of destroying currants and gooseberries in white pine districts must be speeded up, if great damage to the pines is to be averted. To this end, pine owners are advised to communicate with the blister rust agent care of the County Farm Bureau, or through the State Forester.

PLANTING OF WHITE PINE STIMULATED BY CONTROL OF BLISTER RUST

With the blister rust menacing the stands of white pine in the Northeastern and Lake States, there was at first a decided retrenchment in the use of white pine in reforestation. This was a natural outcome of the damage caused by this serious fungus pest, following its introduction and rapid spread in this country. As time goes on, however, and the results of local currant and gooseberry destruction in effectively controlling the disease have become more generally known, renewed interest in white pine is shown by the increase in use of this tree in reforestation.

In New York, several million little white pine trees have been distributed since spring by the New York Forest Conservation Commission, to private individuals, municipalities, state institutions and schools, and through Forest Farm Bureaus as demonstration plantings. It has been conservatively estimated that about one million new white pine trees will be set out this year in New York state alone. A large proportion of these are being planted in the pine districts. During the past 2 years the amount of the white pine seed, the current and growing, has been reduced by the Commission as a consequence to the sale of the seed. The pine seed must be the most pure and the most free from disease. In New Hampshire, between 1920 and 1922 over 100,000 white pine seedlings were planted in tree groves, the white pine being used more than any other species. The requests received by the State Forester Department for seed, especially white pine, have been so great during the past 2 years, that it has been impossible to supply the demand, and large land owners and cities are being urged to establish their own nurseries for raising planting stock.

In New Hampshire, local control of the blister rust is conducted with the towns as a unit, and in this way, large contiguous areas are cleared of gooseberries and currants each year. While young pines will spring up naturally in protected areas, it is a waste of time and money from an economic standpoint to wait for nature to referent with pine all of these abandoned pastures, and rocky and steep slopes, and cat-swept lands. The sooner these areas are covered with a young growth of trees, the sooner will the land be put on a paying basis. The control of the blister rust makes possible the continued productivity of the land.

The AMERICAN LEGION

(Copy for This Department Supplied by the American Legion News Service.)

SAD WELCOME AWAITS THEM

Mother, Brother, Sweetheart, En Route From Europe Will Find Young Soldier Dead.

Louis Kosmen is dead in a St. Paul, Minn., hospital.

From somewhere in Central Europe an aged widowed mother, a dark-haired lass of nineteen and a lad of fourteen recently started on a long awaited journey to far-off America to rejoin the son, sweetheart and big brother, believed to be ready to greet them after years of separation.

For eighteen long years Louis Kosmen had pursued the blue bird of happiness. Through prosperity and poverty, on battlefields and in hospitals he had followed, always with the dream that some day he would be able to send for the loved ones to come to him in the promised land of America.

At last Kosmen believed he could see the fulfillment of his dreams. Through the aid of his American Legion pals with whom he had served in the World war, the red tape of government immigration regulations had been cut and he had gained word to the waiting loved ones that they should come to him in his American home. The lines of fatigue faded from his tanned face and the discouraged droop disappeared from his shoulders as he thought of seeing once more his mother and little brother and his promised bride.

Then came illness. The doctor told him that disease contracted while serving in the American army during the war would necessitate an operation. Recently he went onto the operating table. The next day he was dead.

When but a lad of fifteen, Kosmen, help of a once wealthy and influential Albanian family, had been sent to Greece to escape the Turks. His father was killed by them. Before he left he was betrothed, according to the custom of his country, to baby Aspasia Gerdan. In following years he fought the Turks, served in their prisons, was wounded, escaped and finally came to the United States where he set to work to build up a comfortable home for his remaining loved ones. His fortune pursued him. After accumulating considerable money he lost it in a business venture. Then America, the land of his adoption, entered the war and he followed the flag to the front.

In spite of broken health from the military service he had set at work once more to build up a fortune for his family and believed his ambition was attained when death claimed him.

TO CO-OPERATE WITH BUREAU

Legion Will Assist Veterans' Branch in Aiding Former Warriors Serving Time in Institutions.

The American Legion will co-operate with the United States veterans' bureau in the extension of vocational training and medical rehabilitation to the 18,000 veterans of the World war serving sentences in federal and state penal institutions. Joe Sparks, chairman of the Legion's national rehabilitation committee, has announced.

Veterans' bureau officials believe that there are many men now serving sentences who may be unaware that the bureau is interested in their well-being, and possibly others whose imprisonment may be due to conditions resulting from war service. Of the 18,000 imprisoned, only about 2,000 are receiving benefits from the bureau. Legion officials may be named by courts as guarantors for mentally diseased veterans under the proposed plan. Many mentally incompetent ex-servicemen are said to be suffering from lack of proper guardianship, and their condition renders them incapable of handling their own affairs in their favor.

It is probable that the new plan will first be put into effect at federal prisons at Atlanta, Leavenworth and McNeil Island, Seattle. Veterans' bureau physicians, mental specialists and vocational advisors want to be permitted to survey the conditions to determine the nature of rehabilitation measures to be taken. The plan may later include parole of prisoners under care of the American Legion or welfare organizations, while they could be sent to vocational schools elsewhere if facilities for such education were not available at the penal institutions.

"The Canada of Vimy Ridge"

"The Canada of Vimy Ridge" as it is described, is soon to become a reality. That historical spot where the Canadian forces secured the title of German invaders of France. Where now is but the barren, western field, is soon to blossom with the trees and flowers of Canada, transplanted with loving care from their native land to France. The project is in the hands of a commission named from Canada. France has granted 250 acres of land for memorial purposes. Walter Allward, Toronto sculptor, now in France, was designated the monuments which mark the spot. He was able to place the principal memorial at a point from which may be seen the devastated lands, trampled over by Canadian soldiers, many to die there. The land will be devoted into a park.

Bethel Village Corporation FIRE ALARM SIGNALS

- 1 blast, repeated at one minute intervals—Broad Mason and Paradise Streets.
- 2 blasts, repeated at one minute intervals—Mill Hill.
- 3 blasts, repeated at two minute intervals—Church, Park, Upper High, Upper Summer, Elm Streets.
- 4 blasts, repeated at two minute intervals—Main to Bryant's Store, Spring, Brighton, Chapman Streets.
- 5 blasts, repeated at two minute intervals—Lower Main, Mechanic, Lower High, Clark, Lower Summer, Vernon Streets.
- 6 blasts, repeated at two minute intervals—Mills, Mill Yards and Railroad Street.

In case of fire call the telephone office, tell the operator where the fire is, and she will tend to the alarm. There are two alarm boxes, one on the corner of Church and Main Streets, the other on the corner of Main and High Streets at the rear of Wm. C. Bryant's store.

MIDDLE INTERVAL ROAD

Mrs. Steinheart of California is visiting relatives in Middle Intervale.

Miss Gertrude Chapman spent a few days with Ethel Chapen last week.

Mrs. Harold Stanley and daughter, Geraldine, have returned from visiting relatives at North Stratford.

Mrs. Sarah Gunther is visiting at Mrs. Fannie Carter's.

Mr. Herbert Carter, Miss Frances Carter, Mrs. Steinheart and Mr. A. R. Stanley visited relatives at Harrison last Thursday.

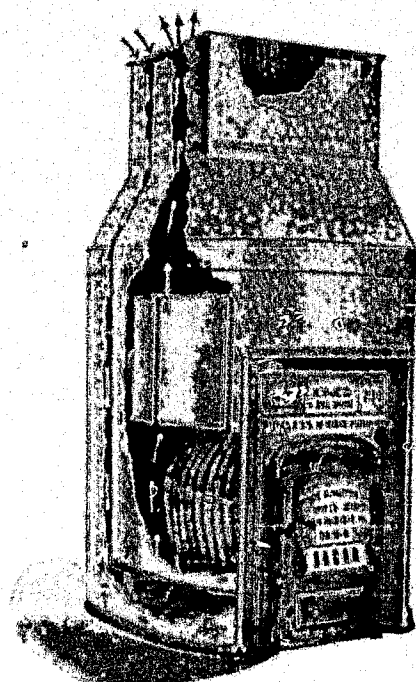
Mr. and Mrs. Greene of Rhode Island are spending two weeks at their cottage.

A number from here attended the Farm Bureau meeting at Monmouth recently.

Mrs. O. R. Stanley and daughter, Beattie, Soule, have returned from a visit to Portland.

Mrs. Steinheart went to South Paris, Saturday, to visit relatives for a few days.

Charles Kimball's camp burned Sunday morning.



Now Is the Time to HAVE YOUR HEATING PLANT INSTALLED Before the Fall Rush

I have in stock a good line of Kineo Furnaces Kineo Ranges Kineo Heaters

Let me show you their advantages

D. GROVER BROOKS

BETHEL, MAINE

WETHERILL'S ATLAS PREPARED PAINT

For Your Fall Painting

REMEMBER—EVERY GALLON GUARANTEED

Come in and talk paint with us

G. L. THURSTON CO.

BETHEL, MAINE

IRA C. JORDAN

General Merchandise

BETHEL, MAINE

FOR SALE

Cedar Posts and Stakes

INQUIRE OF

BARTLETT BROS., Bethel, Me.

The NEW EDISON



The Way to Pay EDISON Budget Plan

AN outlay of but a few dollars a month, an amount ordinarily spent for some fleeting amusement, is sufficient to place you in complete possession of a New Edison, the only phonograph that dares the test of direct comparison with the living artists.

Thousands have already endorsed this easy and practical way of playing while paying and are to-day not only richer in possession, but richer in a better knowledge of the world's best music.

Come in and talk it over

W. J. WHEELER & CO. Inc.,

Insurance, Pianos and Player Pianos

SOUTH PARIS, MAINE

GIFT OF THE DESERT

by
RANDALL PARRISH

Copyright by A. C. McClure & Co.

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—On the isolated Meager ranch on the southern border, Deborah Merced, a trained nurse, is in attendance on Mrs. Meager, whose husband has recently been killed. An accident, immediately after the death of her husband, Mrs. Meager's husband, Alvaro, and she resolves to leave, but there seems no possibility of her getting away alone.

CHAPTER II.—Meager ghosts over Deborah's plight, telling her he has sent for a justice of the peace, who will marry them and, as a result, the girl secures a revolver.

CHAPTER III.—The justice, Corneille, a friendly, old-fashioned man, arrives at Meager's, and, after a short conversation, he leaves her home.

CHAPTER IV.—Forced by Mrs. Meager to accompany her to the justice, Deborah escapes from the justice's house, and, after a short conversation, she leaves her home.

CHAPTER V.—Meager seeks the girl, but she is not at home. He is in a state of great anxiety, and, after a short conversation, he leaves her home.

CHAPTER VI.—The "kid" tells her that he is in a state of great anxiety, and, after a short conversation, he leaves her home.

CHAPTER VII.—Alone with Kellen, the girl becomes somewhat apprehensive, but she tells her of his service in the army, and, after a short conversation, she leaves her home.

CHAPTER VIII.—Kellen explains that the "kid" is a man of great importance, and, after a short conversation, he leaves her home.

CHAPTER IX.—While the girl is alone, she is in a state of great anxiety, and, after a short conversation, she leaves her home.

CHAPTER X.—Deborah's father comes to her, and, after a short conversation, he leaves her home.

CHAPTER XI.—While waiting, after her father's departure, Deborah is in a state of great anxiety, and, after a short conversation, she leaves her home.

CHAPTER XII.—Kellen explains the situation to Deborah, and, after a short conversation, he leaves her home.

CHAPTER XIII.—Deborah returns to her father's home, and, after a short conversation, she leaves her home.

CHAPTER XIV.—Deborah returns to her father's home, and, after a short conversation, she leaves her home.

CHAPTER XV.—Deborah returns to her father's home, and, after a short conversation, she leaves her home.

CHAPTER XVI.—Deborah returns to her father's home, and, after a short conversation, she leaves her home.

CHAPTER XVII.—Deborah returns to her father's home, and, after a short conversation, she leaves her home.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Deborah returns to her father's home, and, after a short conversation, she leaves her home.

CHAPTER XIX.—Deborah returns to her father's home, and, after a short conversation, she leaves her home.

CHAPTER XX.—Deborah returns to her father's home, and, after a short conversation, she leaves her home.

CHAPTER XXI.—Deborah returns to her father's home, and, after a short conversation, she leaves her home.

CHAPTER XXII.—Deborah returns to her father's home, and, after a short conversation, she leaves her home.

CHAPTER XXIII.—Deborah returns to her father's home, and, after a short conversation, she leaves her home.

CHAPTER XXIV.—Deborah returns to her father's home, and, after a short conversation, she leaves her home.

CHAPTER XXV.—Deborah returns to her father's home, and, after a short conversation, she leaves her home.

CHAPTER XXVI.—Deborah returns to her father's home, and, after a short conversation, she leaves her home.

CHAPTER XXVII.—Deborah returns to her father's home, and, after a short conversation, she leaves her home.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—Deborah returns to her father's home, and, after a short conversation, she leaves her home.

CHAPTER XXIX.—Deborah returns to her father's home, and, after a short conversation, she leaves her home.

CHAPTER XXX.—Deborah returns to her father's home, and, after a short conversation, she leaves her home.

CHAPTER XXXI.—Deborah returns to her father's home, and, after a short conversation, she leaves her home.

CHAPTER XXXII.—Deborah returns to her father's home, and, after a short conversation, she leaves her home.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—Deborah returns to her father's home, and, after a short conversation, she leaves her home.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—Deborah returns to her father's home, and, after a short conversation, she leaves her home.

They advanced some ten or twelve steps down an opening scarcely wide enough for the two to pass abreast. Kellen's gaze wandered from the backs of his prisoners to the gray walls on either side. The light flickered, yet revealed no opening, until they came to the very end, and, facing the solid rock. Even then, for an instant, Kellen failed to perceive the narrow cleft to the left beside Meager, but the latter, excited by the discovery, thrust the splintering lantern for-



"Look There!" He Cried Excitedly.

ward, holding it at arm's length, above a rough stone slab which half barred the way.

"It's a fire! Look there!" he cried excitedly, almost dropping the light.

Garry turned his head to see, both men so wild at the sudden discovery as to lose all thought of everything else. Even Kellen, revolver in hand, and fully aware of the danger of his position, pushed forward far enough to gain a partial glimpse within.

Meager started to climb over, but the judge stood motionless, breathing hard, his hands gripped on the stone, his eyes glaring about the oddly shaped room, probably originally a cavern formed by water, but enlarged by the efforts of men. The whole apartment might have measured fifteen feet by ten, barely high enough to stand erect in, the walls variegated and sparkling in the rays of the uplifted lantern. At the farther extremity lay a pile of debris, scattered rock and powdered stone, as though recent fact as they fell after an explosion, the entire end almost totally covered. Protruding from this pile, clearly revealed, now that Meager had found footing inside, and half the blazing wick higher, was the white, ghastly skeleton of a man, his bones still covered with bits of ragged cloth. Caught by a falling rock, he had been pinned there helpless until he died.

The three men scarcely saw all this, or gave it a thought, for there, immediately in front, and all about them, unarranged, scattered in heaps, lying where they had been thrown carelessly over that outer barrier of rock, rested the miscellaneous spoils of a thousand robberies: the sack of churches and towns; jewels torn from women's hands, silver and gold, rich booty of crime from midnight raids, and the burning of cities—the hidden treasures of old Manuel Gomez.

It was unbelievable, staggering. What suffering what death, what cruelty and torture did these things picture? And wealth—wealth! Who could even calculate its value? Bloodstained, crimsoned, the fruits of fifty years of outlawry, two men gathered in one vast heap, wealth to make the mind of man helpless to grasp its value.

Deborah, clutching the lantern frantically into the crowd, concentrated of what to do, his eyes blazing with sudden, unaccountable madness.

Deborah turned away from the horror. He had lost all reason, all fear, with a mad cry he rushed up into the arms of the man who had been his enemy. He had found a great, golden truth. He had found a great, golden truth.

Deborah turned away from the horror. He had lost all reason, all fear, with a mad cry he rushed up into the arms of the man who had been his enemy. He had found a great, golden truth. He had found a great, golden truth.

Deborah turned away from the horror. He had lost all reason, all fear, with a mad cry he rushed up into the arms of the man who had been his enemy. He had found a great, golden truth. He had found a great, golden truth.

Deborah turned away from the horror. He had lost all reason, all fear, with a mad cry he rushed up into the arms of the man who had been his enemy. He had found a great, golden truth. He had found a great, golden truth.

Deborah turned away from the horror. He had lost all reason, all fear, with a mad cry he rushed up into the arms of the man who had been his enemy. He had found a great, golden truth. He had found a great, golden truth.

Deborah turned away from the horror. He had lost all reason, all fear, with a mad cry he rushed up into the arms of the man who had been his enemy. He had found a great, golden truth. He had found a great, golden truth.

Deborah turned away from the horror. He had lost all reason, all fear, with a mad cry he rushed up into the arms of the man who had been his enemy. He had found a great, golden truth. He had found a great, golden truth.

Deborah turned away from the horror. He had lost all reason, all fear, with a mad cry he rushed up into the arms of the man who had been his enemy. He had found a great, golden truth. He had found a great, golden truth.

Deborah turned away from the horror. He had lost all reason, all fear, with a mad cry he rushed up into the arms of the man who had been his enemy. He had found a great, golden truth. He had found a great, golden truth.

Deborah turned away from the horror. He had lost all reason, all fear, with a mad cry he rushed up into the arms of the man who had been his enemy. He had found a great, golden truth. He had found a great, golden truth.

Deborah turned away from the horror. He had lost all reason, all fear, with a mad cry he rushed up into the arms of the man who had been his enemy. He had found a great, golden truth. He had found a great, golden truth.

Deborah turned away from the horror. He had lost all reason, all fear, with a mad cry he rushed up into the arms of the man who had been his enemy. He had found a great, golden truth. He had found a great, golden truth.

Deborah turned away from the horror. He had lost all reason, all fear, with a mad cry he rushed up into the arms of the man who had been his enemy. He had found a great, golden truth. He had found a great, golden truth.

Deborah turned away from the horror. He had lost all reason, all fear, with a mad cry he rushed up into the arms of the man who had been his enemy. He had found a great, golden truth. He had found a great, golden truth.

Deborah turned away from the horror. He had lost all reason, all fear, with a mad cry he rushed up into the arms of the man who had been his enemy. He had found a great, golden truth. He had found a great, golden truth.

Deborah turned away from the horror. He had lost all reason, all fear, with a mad cry he rushed up into the arms of the man who had been his enemy. He had found a great, golden truth. He had found a great, golden truth.

Deborah turned away from the horror. He had lost all reason, all fear, with a mad cry he rushed up into the arms of the man who had been his enemy. He had found a great, golden truth. He had found a great, golden truth.

Deborah turned away from the horror. He had lost all reason, all fear, with a mad cry he rushed up into the arms of the man who had been his enemy. He had found a great, golden truth. He had found a great, golden truth.

Deborah turned away from the horror. He had lost all reason, all fear, with a mad cry he rushed up into the arms of the man who had been his enemy. He had found a great, golden truth. He had found a great, golden truth.

Deborah turned away from the horror. He had lost all reason, all fear, with a mad cry he rushed up into the arms of the man who had been his enemy. He had found a great, golden truth. He had found a great, golden truth.

Deborah turned away from the horror. He had lost all reason, all fear, with a mad cry he rushed up into the arms of the man who had been his enemy. He had found a great, golden truth. He had found a great, golden truth.

Deborah turned away from the horror. He had lost all reason, all fear, with a mad cry he rushed up into the arms of the man who had been his enemy. He had found a great, golden truth. He had found a great, golden truth.

Deborah turned away from the horror. He had lost all reason, all fear, with a mad cry he rushed up into the arms of the man who had been his enemy. He had found a great, golden truth. He had found a great, golden truth.

had killed; and gone away satisfied—Bob Meager and the Mexican. She shivered at the memory of them. Her husband! that murderer her husband! He could claim her, would claim her if he lived; legally she belonged to him. The ceremony was sacrilege, a hideous mockery, yet it was legal; it left her forever in the power of that brute. She shuddered at the recollection of that scene in the ranchhouse, the leering, drunken faces, the sharp voice of Judge Gar- rity, the brutal grip with which Bob Meager held her, those hateful words which bound her to such unspeakable shame. And then the struggle to save herself, the hours of torture waiting for his coming, the broken door, the clutch of his hands, the hot, drunken breath on her face, the blow which set her free. Good G—d! could this all be true! The fresh night air, the escape through the black night, the meeting with Daniel Kellen.

He had been a man, a real man; he had died for her. Unchecked, unnoticed the tears welled into her eyes, and fell on the white pommel. She could see nothing but his face, realize nothing but that they were riding now to bring back his body. She had almost known before that she loved him, but now, in bereavement and despair, she comprehended that all the brightness and hope had gone from life. She yet lived, must continue to live—the wife of Bob Meager.

It must have been nearly noon when the little cavalcade debouched from the bed of the stream, forced their laded horses up the bank, and came to where the riders could look down into the half-concealed valley below.

Advance scouts awaited them here among the rocks, to point out the trail, curving downward through a ravine. They had discovered no signs of recent passage, no marks of hands; nor were there any signs of human presence in the lower valley.

The lieutenant studied the scene through his glasses, yet vaguely suspicious of some trick, consulted with the sergeant, and finally spoke to Deborah.

"This must be the place," he said, "but it seems deserted. Do you recognize anything?"

She sat straight in the saddle, a new light in her eyes, as she pointed the directions.

"I can never forget. Straight ahead down there is where they were storing the things—a fire burned there by that big rock; you can see a whisp of smoke over now. This trail must lead direct. Over there," she hid her face for an instant in her hands as though to shut out the light, "is the cliff over which Captain Kellen fell, and just beyond, at the upper end of the valley is the cave I told you about. I am going down whether you and your soldiers come or not. I must learn the truth."

She forced her horse forward, and the others followed, waiting for no command, the sergeant riding almost beside her in the narrow trail. They found the storehouse, back within the shadow of the great rock, so concealed by trees as to be invisible a few yards away. It was deserted, unguarded; and satisfied as to this fact, convinced by a hundred signs that the entire outfit had indeed returned the way they came, the lieutenant scattered his force to explore the upper valley. His mood had changed from suspicion of this girl to faith in her strange story. Things were exactly as he had described. Dismounted, their horses being led behind them in readiness for any emergency, the squad advanced, the men with carbines in their hands. The sergeant kept close to Deborah, the lieutenant close to her, as they came to where Deborah pointed out the spot of Kellen's fall. They found no body, no signs to indicate any such tragedy. Cursey gazed about in perplexity.

"You are sure this is the place, miss?" he asked dubitantly.

"Yes, sergeant; we were on the rock up there, the one jutting out over the edge; there is no other spot like it."

His eyes, narrowed, surveyed the distance, marking every detail.

"Then the body to which they were taken, and then they were taken there; that is all. No more to it."

He found his way back to the rock, with difficulty finding his way, and, after a short conversation, he leaves her home.

He found his way back to the rock, with difficulty finding his way, and, after a short conversation, he leaves her home.

He found his way back to the rock, with difficulty finding his way, and, after a short conversation, he leaves her home.

He found his way back to the rock, with difficulty finding his way, and, after a short conversation, he leaves her home.

He found his way back to the rock, with difficulty finding his way, and, after a short conversation, he leaves her home.

He found his way back to the rock, with difficulty finding his way, and, after a short conversation, he leaves her home.

He found his way back to the rock, with difficulty finding his way, and, after a short conversation, he leaves her home.

He found his way back to the rock, with difficulty finding his way, and, after a short conversation, he leaves her home.

He found his way back to the rock, with difficulty finding his way, and, after a short conversation, he leaves her home.

He found his way back to the rock, with difficulty finding his way, and, after a short conversation, he leaves her home.

He found his way back to the rock, with difficulty finding his way, and, after a short conversation, he leaves her home.

He found his way back to the rock, with difficulty finding his way, and, after a short conversation, he leaves her home.

He found his way back to the rock, with difficulty finding his way, and, after a short conversation, he leaves her home.

He found his way back to the rock, with difficulty finding his way, and, after a short conversation, he leaves her home.

He found his way back to the rock, with difficulty finding his way, and, after a short conversation, he leaves her home.

He found his way back to the rock, with difficulty finding his way, and, after a short conversation, he leaves her home.

He found his way back to the rock, with difficulty finding his way, and, after a short conversation, he leaves her home.

He found his way back to the rock, with difficulty finding his way, and, after a short conversation, he leaves her home.

He found his way back to the rock, with difficulty finding his way, and, after a short conversation, he leaves her home.

He found his way back to the rock, with difficulty finding his way, and, after a short conversation, he leaves her home.

He found his way back to the rock, with difficulty finding his way, and, after a short conversation, he leaves her home.

He found his way back to the rock, with difficulty finding his way, and, after a short conversation, he leaves her home.

He found his way back to the rock, with difficulty finding his way, and, after a short conversation, he leaves her home.

He found his way back to the rock, with difficulty finding his way, and, after a short conversation, he leaves her home.

He found his way back to the rock, with difficulty finding his way, and, after a short conversation, he leaves her home.

He found his way back to the rock, with difficulty finding his way, and, after a short conversation, he leaves her home.

He found his way back to the rock, with difficulty finding his way, and, after a short conversation, he leaves her home.

he certainly left her able to navigate. Maybe I better follow the trail?"

"Yes, go on, sergeant."

Deborah's limbs trembled as she could scarcely walk for the first few steps. She clung gratefully to the lieutenant's arm, her gaze never deserting the man moving cautiously along the narrow ledge of rock high above them. Aliver! Daniel Kellen was alive! Nothing else mattered. Her hands clasped tightly at the officer's sleeve.

"Have the sergeant hurry; please have him hurry! He doesn't need to trace Captain Kellen's trail. I—I am sure I knew where he was going."

"Where was that?"

"To the cave I had found, and told him about; it is there just beyond that mound. Good G—d, lieutenant, there are horses grazing yonder—they have found him already."

There were two animals in a little cove, hobbled, and nibbling at the short grass, but both saddled and bridled. They had the Meager ranch brand on their flanks, and the sergeant, joining the party below, easily followed the trail of two men on foot until they circled the mound of earth, and ascended the opposite side.

Deborah pressed her way forward, too eager now to be longer held back, yet fully realizing the danger confronting them.

"Be careful here," she warned. "They are certainly in there—two or three, at least, and they will shoot. Here, sergeant, let me show you; I know the way."

They were already before the clinging vines; her hands trembled as she forced these odds revealing the black cavern behind. The strident sergeant preceded them further back, staring bewildered into the void, his revolver thrust forward, an oath breaking from his lips.

"By G—d! but this beats h—l, sir. D—n it, but I'm glad to be here."

He went over the barrier of rock unmolested, untripped, and recklessly Deborah followed. The lieutenant paused an instant.

"Jones, you and Calhoun follow us; the others remain out here. Keep your eyes open, boys."

The next moment he had also scrambled through the opening and reached down beside the trembling girl. Deborah and the two could dimly distinguish Calhoun, leaning forward, peering into the total darkness beyond.

"It's—it's perfectly level, the floor is," she whispered. "You can follow along the wall—I did."

They advanced together slowly, feeling their way, scarcely a sound breaking the silence. Suddenly the sergeant, slightly in advance, stopped, feeling at something on the floor with his feet; then he stooped over.

"By G—d, here's a dead man!"

"A dead man? Are you sure?"

"He's dead all right, sir. Where's the flashlight? We've got to find out what this means."

"Jones has it; Jones, come up here. Give me the flash."

The round glare of light struck the side walls, swept over the still kneeling sergeant, glinting on his drawn weapon, and then touched the motionless body outstretched on the floor. At last it rested on the upturned face. The sergeant stared down as though he saw a ghost.

"By G—d!" he ejaculated at last. "By G—d! it's the old devil himself."

"What's that, Calhoun? You know him?"

"Know him! Why, sir, lieutenant, it's Gomez, Manuel Gomez—there's

ally thousand dollars on him dead or alive. Well, he's dead all right."

"Gomez, the outlaw; but are you sure?"

"Sure," the sergeant roared to his feet and swung about. "Sure! He'll be—beating your pardon, sir—why shouldn't I be sure? I've chased that old fox ever since I've been in the army, twenty years, sir. Twice we have after him down in old Mexico. He's Manuel Gomez, lying there, and it was a knife that killed him."

The boy lieutenant's face was white as the reflected light, but his lips were firmly set.

"Well, he's dead now," he said sternly. "And it is up to us to find out what all this means."

He lifted the dead from off the upturned face and sent it clattering along the gray walls into the black chamber ahead.

"That, lieutenant, this ain't no man."

"It's a woman's mine," a voice spoke from behind in tone of surprise.

"What makes you think that, Calhoun?"

"Cause it's been blasted out mostly, sir, or else picked. I've been a miner myself, and ought to know. Maybe there was a cave yere once, but I tell yer, sir, these yere walls have been hand-worked, or I'm a piker."

"All right, we've got to explore the passage just the same. Come on, men."

He flashed the warning light ahead, as they advanced, taking his own place beside the sergeant, and compelling Deborah to remain behind with the two soldiers. As the passage curved to the right the leaders crept forward with extreme caution, to gain view of what lay hidden beyond, Carr reaching out his hand to send the flicker of light dancing down the narrowed tunnel. The flashing rays brought no response, awoke no sound of movement, and Calhoun ventured to protrude his head far enough around the protecting rock to gain view of what was beyond. The flashlight was no longer needed to reveal the scene. At the end of the passage, down through that silent opening, leading to the desert above, streamed the glare of day, white and dazzling to his eyes after the pitch darkness in which he had been blindly feeling his way forward. It rested, a pool of light on the floor, and in its very center, every detail outlined as in an etching, were two bodies, one face downward, curled in grotesque shape, the other lying at full length, features upturned to the low roof. Beyond these the flare of the flashlight, leaping across this narrow space of day, exhibited a jumbled mass of rock blocking the passage from top to bottom. They seemed to have attained the very end of things.

The startled sergeant stared speechless—at these motionless bodies, death pictured in each attitude, then beyond at a strange, ghastly, white face, on which the searchlight fantastically played. Suddenly something else reflected into his eyes, the sparkle of an upturned revolver's polished time.

"Who are you?" asked a hoarse voice sternly. "Stop there until you answer."

"My G—d, sir," was the instant cry. "I'm Calhoun, sergeant Calhoun, captain. We've come here for you, sir."

The threatening revolver sank weakly, and Calhoun and the lieutenant, oblivious to all else, rushed forward, clearing the two dead bodies in their eagerness to reach the one live man beyond, held helpless in that fall of rock. Deborah, left in the darkness behind, groped her way forward, dared, speechless, only one fact echoing in her mind—he was alive, Daniel Kellen was alive!

She dropped to her knees, and drew his head into the comfort of her lap, her hand smoothing back his hair. There were glancing, unshed tears in her eyes, and he saw them.

"No, get away," she explained hastily. "Why did not see me at all, and then God guided me to your men."

"I know part of it—Meager told me."

"Bob Meager?" her heart choked her. "He was really here with you, then? What—what happened? Can you tell me they will have those rocks dug away in a moment?"

"Yes, yes, he was here, he and Gar- rity—the judge, you know. They—they are both in there now, buried under tons of rock. I—I hardly know what did happen; it all came on us in a flash. There was a tunnel in here, a room, where old Alvaro had been mining years and years ago. He must have died there all alone, for I saw his skeleton on a pile of stone. Then those two went in—Meager and Gar- rity—with a broken lantern. I—I think one of them fell, and—there must have been some powder left there—powder of old Alvaro, had, maybe, a lot of it. I—I saw the flash, and I jumped back—they are there yet, buried."

"Bob Meager is dead?"

"He's dead, a piker."

His head sunk back helplessly, and his eyes closed. Calhoun and Jones called the last words from off the trembling lips, but he lay inert, motionless, as though he were dead.

Deborah turned away from the horror. He had lost all reason, all fear, with a mad cry he rushed up into the arms of the man who had been his enemy. He had found a great, golden truth. He had found a great, golden truth.

Deborah turned away from the horror. He had lost all reason, all fear, with a mad cry he rushed up into the arms of the man who had been his enemy. He had found a great, golden truth. He had found a great, golden truth.

AUGUSTUS BELLEN CARTER

[illegible][illegible]

“我……我……”

West and the New England States. The address of official positions for the campaign on the part of Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania, individual growers from these States are arranging for large commercial exhibits of their products at the Exposition.

BETHEL, MAINE

BETHEL, MAINE

Simonizing and Car Washing

BETHEL, MAINE

We have just received a new shipment of Electric Lamps, Beautiful in Design, and Superb in Quality. Prices are right.

Duraleum Base Mats, 18x36, at	30c each
Mixing Bowls, Nest of 5,	\$1.98 set
39-piece Dinner Sets,	\$11.98
50-piece Dinner Sets, Stock Pattern	\$15.00
Large White Coffee Cups and Saucers,	\$2.75 Doz

**Beds, Mattresses, Springs in all sizes, Dining
Tables, Library Tables, Telephone Stands
with seat, Dining Room Chairs, Mir-
rors, Couches and Covers.**

Broken Mirrors replaced with Plain & Plate Glass
A Special Offer in White Enamel Cribs
complete with mattress, \$12.00

COOKERY, KITCHEN HARDWARE, CLOTHES BASKETS AND CLOTHES DRYERS

YOUNG'S VARIETY STORE

BETHEL, MAINE

JOHN D. WILLIAMS.